

That could haue better sowed then *Philomel*.
Oh had the monster scene those Lilly hands,
Tremble like Aspen leaues vpon a Lute,
And make the silken strings delight to kisse them,
He would not then haue toucht them for his life.
Or had he heard the heavenly Harmony,
Which that sweet tongue hath made:
He would haue dropt his knife and fell asleepe,
As *Cerberus* at the Thracian Poets feete.
Come, let vs goe, and make thy father blinde,
For such a sight will blinde a fathers eye.
One houres storme will drowne the fragrant meades,
What, will whole months of teares thy Fathers eyes?
Doe not draw backe, for we will mourne with thee:
Oh could our mourning ease thy misery.

Exeunt

Actus Tertius.

Enter the Iudges and Senators with Titus two sonnes bound,
passing on the Stage to the place of execution, and Titus going
before pleading.

Ti. Heare me graue fathers, noble Tribunes stay,
For pittie of mine age, whose youth was spent
In dangerous warres, whilst you securely slept:
For all my blood in Romes great quarrell shed,
For all the frosty nights that I haue watcht,
And for these bitter teares, which now you see,
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheekes,
Be pittifull to my condemned Sonnes,
Whose soules is not corrupted as 'tis thought:
For two and twenty sonnes I neuer wept,
Because they died in honours lofty bed.

Andronicus lyeth downe, and the Iudges passe by him.

For these, Tribunes, in the dust I write
My hartes deepe languor, and my soules sad teares:
Let my teares stanch the earths drie appetite.
My sonnes sweet blood, will make it shame and blush:
O earth! I will be friend thee more with raine
That shall distill from these two ancient ruines,
Then youthfull Aprill shall with all his showres
In summers droughe: Ile drop vpon thee still,
In Winter with warme teares Ile melt the snow,
And keepe eternall spring time on thy face,
So thou refuse to drinke my deare sonnes blood.

Exeunt

Enter *Lucius*, with his weapon drawne.

Oh reuerent Tribunes, oh gentle aged men,
Vnbinde my sonnes, reuerse the doome of death,
And let me say (that neuer wept before)
My teares are now preualing Oratours.

Lu. Oh noble father, you lament in vaine,
The Tribunes heare not, no man is by,
And you recount your sorrowes to a stone.

Ti. Ah *Lucius* for thy brothers let me plead,
Graue Tribunes, once more I intreat of you.

Lu. My gracious Lord, no Tribune heares you speake.

Ti. Why 'tis no matter man, if they did heare
They would not marke me: oh if they did heare
They would not pittie me.

Therefore I tell my sorrowes bootles to the stones.

Who though they cannot answere my distresse,
Yet in some sort they are better then the Tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale:
When I doe weepe, they humbly at my feete
Receiue my teares, and seeme to weepe with me,
And were they but attired in graue weedes,
Rome could afford no Tribune like to these.
A stone is as soft waxe,
Tribunes more hard then stones:
A stone is silent, and offendeth not,
And Tribunes with their tongues doome men to death.
But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawne?
Lu. To rescue my two brothers from their death,
For which attempt the Iudges haue pronounc'd
My euermlasting doome of banishment.

Ti. O happy man, they haue befriended thee:
Why foolish *Lucius*, dost thou not perceiue
That Rome is but a wilderness of Tigers?
Tigers must pray, and Rome affords no prey
But me and mine: how happy art thou then,
From these deuourers to be banished?
But who comes with our brother *Marcus* heere?

Enter *Marcus* and *Lavinia*.

Mar. *Titus*, prepare thy noble eyes to weepe,
Or if not so, thy noble heart to breake:
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

Ti. Will it consume me? Let me see it then.

Mar. This was thy daughter.

Ti. Why *Marcus* to she is.

Lu. Ayme this object kills me.

Ti. Faint-hearted boy, arise and looke vpon her,
Speake *Lavinia*, what accursed hand
Hath made thee handlelesse in thy Fathers fight?
What foole hath added water to the Sea?
Or brought a faggot to bright burning Troy?
My griefe was at the height before thou cam'st,
And now like *Nylus* it disdaineeth bounds:
Giue me a sword, Ile chop off my hands too,
For they haue fought for Rome, and all in vaine:
And they haue nur'd this woe,
In feeding life:

In bootlesse prayer haue they bene held vp,
And they haue seru'd me to effectlesse vse,

Now all the seruice I require of them,
Is that the one will helpe to cut the other:

'Tis well *Lavinia*, that thou hast no hands,
For hands to do Rome seruice, is but vaine.

Luci. Speake gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee?

Mar. O that delightfull engine of her thoughts,
That blab'd them with such pleasing eloquence,
Is torne from forth that pretty hallow cage,
Where like a sweet melodious bird it sung,
Sweet varied notes inchanting euery eare.

Luci. Oh say thou for her,
Who hath done this deed?

Mar. Oh thus I found her straying in the Parke,
Seeking to hide herselfe as doth the Deare
That hath receiue some vnrecuring wound.

Ti. It was my Deare,
And he that wounded her,

Hath hurt me more, then had he kild me dead:
For now I stand as one vpon a Rocke,
Inuiron'd with a wilderness of Sea,
Who markes the waxing tide,
Grow waue by waue,

Expecting

Expecting euer when some enuious surge,
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.
This way to death my wretched sonnes are gone:
Heere stands my other sonne, a banisht man,
And heere my brother weeping at my woes.
But that which giues my soule the greatest spurne,
Is deere *Lavinia*, deerer then my soule.
Had I but seene thy picture in this plight,
It would haue maddened me. What shall I doe?
Now I behold thy liuely body so?

Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy teares,
Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyr'd thee:
Thy husband he is dead, and for his death
Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this.

Looke *Marcus*, ah sonne *Lucius* looke on her:
When I did name her brothers, then fresh teares
Stood on her cheekes, as doth the hony dew,
Vpon a gathred Lillie almost withered.

Mar. Perchance she weepes because they kil'd her
husband,

Perchance because she knowes him innocent.

Ti. If they did kill thy husband then be ioyfull,
Because the law hath tane reuenge on them.
No, no, they would not doe so foule a deepe,
Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.

Gentle *Lavinia* let me kisse thy lips,
Or make some signes how I may do thee ease:
Shall thy good Vncle, and thy brother *Lucius*,
And thou and I sit round about some Fountaine,
Looking all downwards to behold our cheekes
How they are stain'd in meadowes, yet not dry
With miery slime left on them by a flood:

And in the Fountaine shall we gaze so long,
Till the fresh taste be taken from that cleerenes,
And made a brine pit with our bitter teares?

Or shall we cut away our hands like thine?

Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumbe shewes
Passe the remainder of our hateful dayes?

What shall we doe? Let vs that haue our tongues
Plot some deuise of further miseries
To make vs wondred at in time to come.

Lu. Sweet Father cease your teares, for at your griefe
See how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

Mar. Patience deere Neece, good *Titus* drie thine
eyes.

Ti. Ah *Marcus*, *Marcus*, Brother well I wot,
Thy napkin cannot drinke a teare of mine,
For thou poore man hast drown'd it with thine owne.

Lu. Ah my *Lavinia* I will wipe thy cheekes.

Ti. Marke *Marcus* marke, I vnderstand her signes,
Had she a tongue to speake, now would she say
That to her brother which I said to thee:
His Napkin with her true teares all bewet,
Can do no seruice on her sorrowfull cheekes.
Oh what a sympathy of woe is this!
As farre from helpe as Limbo is from blisse,

Enter *Aron* the Moore alone.

Moore. *Titus Andronicus*, my Lord the Emperour,
Sends thee this word, that if thou loue thy sonnes,
Let *Marcus*, *Lucius*, or thy selfe old *Titus*,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And send it to the King: he for the same,
Will send thee hither both thy sonnes aliue,
And that shall be the ranfome for their fault.

Ti. Oh gracious Emperour, oh gentle *Aron*.
Did euer Rauen sing so like a Lark,
That giues sweet tydings of the Sunnes vprise?
With all my heart, Ile send the Emperour my hand,
Good *Aron* wilt thou help to chop it off?

Lu. Stay Father, for that noble hand of thine,
That hath throwne downe so many enemies,
Shall not be sent: my hand will serue the turne,
My youth can better spare my blood then you,
And therefore mine shall saue my brothers liues.

Mar. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,
And rear'd aloft the bloody Battelaxe,
Writing destruction on the enemies Castle?

Oh none of both but are of high desert:
My hand hath bin but idle, let it serue
To ranfome my two nephewes from their death,
Then haue I kept it to a worthy end.

Moore. Nay come agree, whose hand shall goe along
For feare they die before their pardon come.

Mar. My hand shall goe.

Lu. By heauen it shall not goe.

Ti. Sirs strue no more, such withered hearbs as these
Are meete for plucking vp, and therefore mine.

Lu. Sweet Father, if I shall be thought thy sonne,
Let me redeeme my brothers both from death.

Mar. And for our fathers sake, and mothers care,
Now let me shew a brothers loue to thee.

Ti. Agree betweene you, I will spare my hand.

Lu. Then Ile goe fetch an Axe.

Mar. But I will vse the Axe.

Exeunt

Ti. Come hither *Aron*, Ile decciue them both,
Lend me thy hand, and I will giue thee mine,
Moore. If that be cal'd decciue, I will be honest,
And neuer whilst I liue decciue men so:
But Ile decciue you in another sort,
And that you'l say ere halfe an houre passe.

He cuts off *Titus* hand.

Enter *Lucius* and *Marcus* sagaine.

Ti. Now stay you strife, what shall be, is dispatch:
Good *Aron* giue his Maiestie me hand,
Tell him, it was a hand that warded him
From thousand dangers: bid him bury it:
More hath it merited: That let it haue.
As for my sonnes, say I account of them,
As iewels purchast at an easie price,
And yet deere too, because I bought mine owne.

Aron. I goe *Andronicus*, and for thy hand,
Looke by and by to haue thy sonnes with thee:
Their heads I meane: Oh how this villany
Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it.

Let fooles doe good, and faire men call for grace,
Aron will haue his foule blacke like his face.

Exit.

Ti. O heere I lift this one hand vp to heauen,
And bow this feeble ruine to the earth,
If any power pitties wretched teares,
To that I call: what wilt thou kneele with me?
Doe then deare heart, for heauen shall heare our prayers,
Or with our sighs weele breath the welkin dimme,
And staine the Sun with foggie as sometime cloudes,
When they do hug him in their melting bosomes.

Mar. Oh brother speake with possibilities,
And do not breake into these deepe extreames.

Ti. Is not my sorrow deepe, hauing no bottome?

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Then